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GOLDSMITH, OLIVER

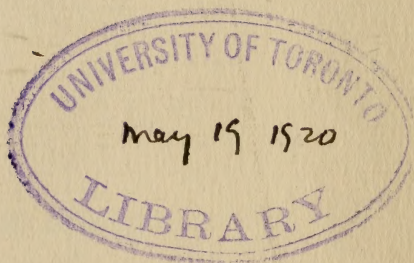
GAISFORD PRIZE
GREEK VERSE


1915

BY

REUBEN COHEN

SCHOLAR OF WADHAM COLLEGE





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COMIC IAMBICS
TRANSLATION FROM
GOLDSMITH'S SHE STOOPS
TO CONQUER

ACT II

BY

REUBEN COHEN

SCHOLAR OF WADHAM COLLEGE



OXFORD
B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

M CM XV

Recited in the Divinity School

June 23, 1915

GOLDSMITH
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

ACT II (*from beginning to 'ize go about my business'*)

GOLDSMITH
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

ACT II

SCENE, AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE

*Enter Hardcastle, followed by three or four
awkward Servants.*

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can shew that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a shew at the side-table ; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you're not to stand

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΔΕΣΠΟΤΗΣ
ΣΙΜΩΝ
ΜΑΝΗΣ

ΟΙΚΕΤΗΣ Α'
ΟΙΚΕΤΗΣ Β'

ΔΕΣ. Εἶεν·

τὰ τῆς τραπέζης πάντες ἐστὲ δεξιοί·
νῆ τὸν Δί' οἶμαι μέν, τρίτην τήνδ' ἡμέραν
ὑπ' ἐμοῦ διδασκομένους ὅσ' ἂν δέῃ ποιεῖν.
τὴν γοῦν ἑαυτοῦ στάσιν ἕκαστος οἶδ' ὅπου·
δείξαι δὲ δυνατὸς ὥς καλοὺς τε κάγαθοὺς
ἐξένισα πολλοὺς οὐκ ἀποδημήσας ποτέ.

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ΠΑΝΤΕΣ. ναὶ ναί.

ΔΕΣ. ἦν τις δὲ κόπτη συμπότης, παρὰ τῇ θύρᾳ
μηδεὶς κεχηνῶς δοῦλος ἀνακύψας βραχὺ
ἀποτρεχέτω πρὸς τὸν ἵπνὸν ὥς Κλεώνυμος.

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ΠΑΝ. οὐκ οὔκ.

ΔΕΣ. σὺ μέν νυν, ὦ Σίμων, ὅπως ἐκεῖ φανεῖ—
μετεπεμψάμην σ' ἐπὶ τοῦτ' ἀπὸ τούργαστηρίου—
τὰ τοῦ κυλικείου πάντα δεξιῶς ποιῶν.

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σὺ δ' αὖ Μανῆ, στῆσον σεαυτὸν ἐνθαδί—
σὺ δῆθ' ὃν ἐκάλεσ' ἀπὸ γεωργῶν βοιδίων—
ὀπισθε κλίνης τῆς ἐμῆς· ἀλλ' ὠμαθὲς
ὄρα's ὃ πάσχεις; Ἡράκλεις τῷ χεῖρ' ἔχων

so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger ; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

Hardcastle. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking ; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking—you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead ! Is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlour ? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Diggory. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hardcastle. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

ἔστηκας ὥς Σκαιωνίδης· ἀλλ' εὐθέως 20
 τῷ χεῖρ' ἀπὸ τοῦ κόλπου γ'· ἅμα δ' ὠνόητε σὺ
 ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς γ'· ὁρᾷς Σίμωνά γ' ὥς καλῶς
 ταῖς χερσὶ χρῆται; στερρότερον μὲν οὖν ἴσως
 ἔχει τι τὸ σχῆμ', ἀλλὰ μικρὸν διαφέρει.

ΣΙΜ. ναὶ τόν γε Σίμωνα· νῆ Δί' ἔμαθον γὰρ τότε 25
 χρῆσθαι καλῶς ταῖς χερσὶν ὅτ' ἐστρατευόμην·
 στρατευόμενος γάρ—

ΔΕΣ. σίγα· λαλίστερος γὰρ εἶ.
 τὸν νοῦν δὲ πρόσεχε τοῖς γε συμπόταις μόνοις.
 ἡμᾶς ὁρῶν λαλοῦντας, αὐτὸς μὴ λαλεῖν.
 ἡμᾶς ὁρῶν πίνοντας, αὐτὸς μὴ πιεῖν. 30
 ἡμᾶς ὁρῶν ἔσθοντας, αὐτὸς μὴ 'σθίειν.

ΣΙΜ. μὰ Δί' ἀλλ' ἀπαξάπαντά γ' ἀδύνατον τόδε·
 Σίμων ὅταν γὰρ ἐσθίοντ' ἴδη βροτόν,
 πῶς οὐκ ἔμαρψεν ἥμερος σίτου φρένας;

ΔΕΣ. παῦ' ἐς κόρακας ὧ μῶρε· καὶ πῶς διαφέρει 35
 ἐν τῷπτανίῳ γ' ἐμπιμπλάναι τὴν κοιλίαν
 ἢ 'ν τῷ τρικλίνῳ; τοιγαροῦν τὴν γαστέρα
 κατέχειν λογισμῷ τουτῷ.

ΣΙΜ. νῆ τὸν Δία
 χάριν γ' ἔχω σοὶ μυρίαν, ὧ δέσποτα.
 τὸ γαστρίδιον οὖν μάλα μόγισ πειράσομαι 40
 ἐν τῷπτανίῳ κατέχειν ἰδίᾳ κρεαδίῳ.

ΔΕΣ. ἢ ἢ σιώπα· τὸν Σίμωνα μὴ λαλεῖν·
 εἴτ' ἦν λόγον παρὰ δεῖπνον ἀστεῖον λέγω
 ἢ δεξιὸν τι σκῶμμα, μὴ καχάζετε
 ἅπαντες ὥς τελοῦντες ἐς τοὺς συμπότας. 45

Diggory. Then ecod, your worship must not tell the story of ould grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, Sir, if you please, (*To Diggory*)—Eh, why don't you move?

Diggory. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hardcastle. What, will nobody move?

First Servant. I'm not to leave this place.

Second Servant. I'm sure it's no place of mine.

Third Servant. Nor mine, for sartain.

Diggory. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hardcastle. You numbskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again——But don't I hear a coach drive into

ΣΙΜ. μὴ δῆτα λέξης, πρὸς θεῶν, ᾧ δέσποτα,
τὸν λόγον ἐκείνον ὡς ὁ κύων Λάβης ποτέ—
μὰ γὰρ τὸν Ἀπόλλω τοῦτόν εἰμ' ἐγὼ οὐδαμῶς
οἷός τ' ἀκούων ἀποσοβῆσαι τὸν γέλων.

ἰοῦ ἰοῦ.

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ἤδη δὲ γελῶμεν εἴκοσιν γ' ἐπὶ τῷδ' ἔτη.

ἰοῦ ἰοῦ.

ΔΕΣ. ἰοῦ ἰοῦ δῆτ' ὡς χαρίεν ἐκείν' ἄρ' ἦν
τὸ χρῆμ'. ἐπὶ τούτῳ γ', ὦγάθ', ἔξεστιν γελᾶν.

ὅμως δὲ τὸν νοῦν πρόσσεχε τῇ συνουσίᾳ.

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φέρ' ἦν τις αἰτῇ συμπότης ποτήριον,

ποίους ἂν ἀποδείξειας ἤδη τοὺς τρόπους ;

“ ὁ Σίμων κύλικ' οἴνου δεῦρό μοι προσενεγκάτω.”

οὔτος, τί οὕτως ἡσύχως μένεις ἔχων ;

ΣΙΜ. μὰ τὸν Διόνυσον, ἀλλὰ δειλὸς εἰμ' ἐγὼ

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ἕως ἂν ἴδω παραφερόμενα τὰ σιτία·

τότ' εὐθέως ἀνδρεῖός εἰμ' ὡς Λάμαχος.

ΔΕΣ. οἶμ' ὡς ἅπαντες περιμένουσιν ἡσυχοί.

ΜΑΝ. ἀλλ' ἐμὲ γὰρ ἐκέλευσας σὺ κατὰ χώραν μένειν.

ΟΙΚ. Α'. ἀλλ' οὐδαμῶς μὰ Δί' ἐμέ γε ταῦτα δεῖ ποιεῖν. 65

ΟΙΚ. Β'. μὰ τὸν Διόνυσον οὐ γάρ· οὐδ' ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ.

ΣΙΜ. νῆ τὸν Δί' ἐμέ γὰρ δεῖ, σάφ' οἶδ', αὐτοῦ μένειν.

ΔΕΣ. ᾧ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ τῆς μωρίας. ἕως ἄρα

περὶ στάσεων ἐκάστοθ' ὥσπερ ρήτορες

ἐρίζετ' ἀλλήλοισιν, ἀποθανεῖν ἔδει

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τοὺς συμπότας λιμῶ. πάλιν αὖ με δεῖ μάλα

ὑμῶν ποιεῖσθαι πείραν, ᾧ Κοάλεμοι ;

ἀτὰρ οὐχὶ κρουομένην γ' ἀκούω τὴν θύραν ;

the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the mean time, and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate. *[Exit Hardcastle.]*

Diggory. By the elevens, my place is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be everywhere.

First Servant. Where the devil is mine?

Second Servant. My place is to be nowhere at all ; and so ize go about my business.

ἴτ' εἰς στάσεις νυν, ἃς ἐκέλευσ', ἀβέλτεροι.

τέως δ' ἔγωγ' ἐκείνον, οὗ πατὴρ ἐμοὶ

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φίλος παλαιός, ἀσπάσομαι παρὰ τῇ θύρᾳ.

ΣΙΜ. στάσιν μὰ τὸν Ἑρμῆν τήν γ' ἐμὴν οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπου.

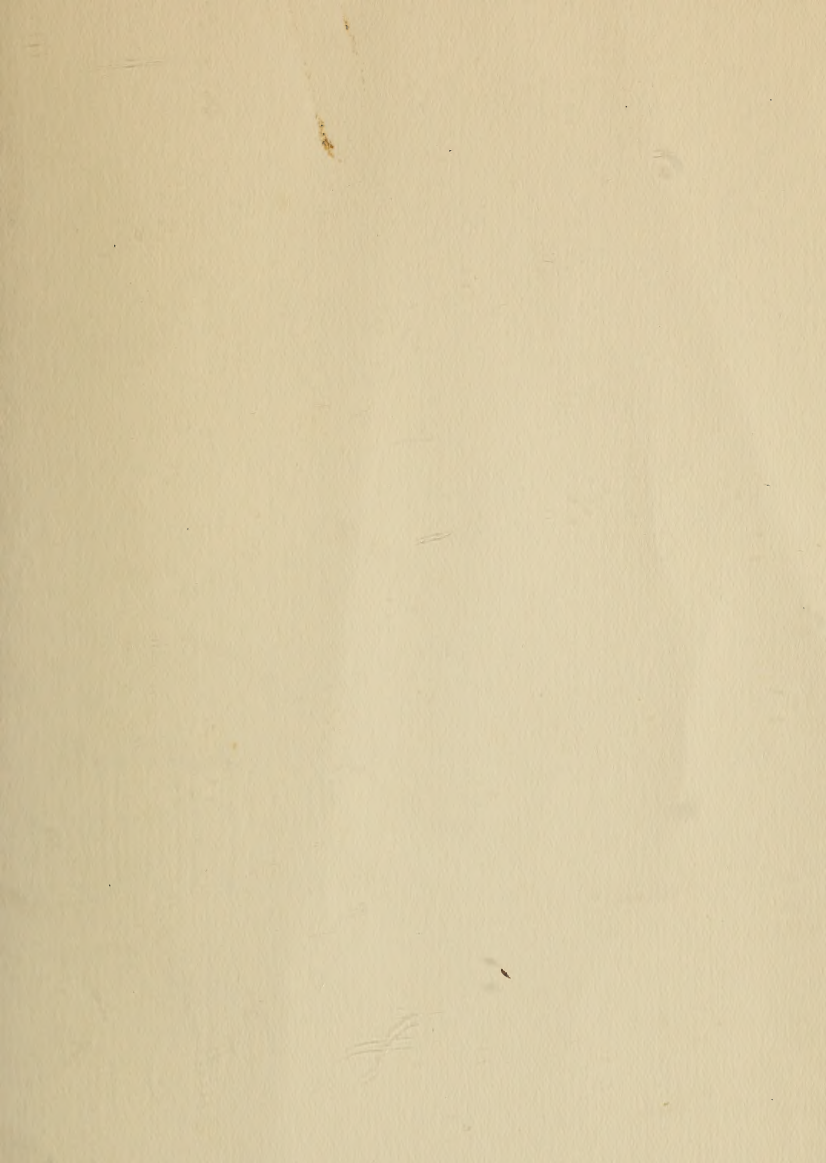
ΜΑΝ. νῆ τὸν Δία τὴν δέ γ' ἐμὴν σάφ' οἶδα—πανταχοῦ.

ΟΙΚ. Α'. ποῦ ποῦ 'στιν ἡμῆ, ποῦ 'στι, πρὸς πάντων θεῶν;

ΟΙΚ. Β'. ἐγὼ δὲ τήν γ' ἐμὴν σάφ' οἶδ' ὥς οὐδαμοῦ. 80

ἐς τὰ μὰ τοίνυν πράγματ' ἀπολιταργιῶ.

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